

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



GREGORY STOPS THE BELL-RINGERS.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

CHAPTER XLIX.—CHANGES.

"So here's a pretty turn up!" said cook to Wat, when it was made known that Michael and Miss Honoria were going away for the winter.

"We shall be on board wages, which is better than or'nary feed," said Wat, who could calculate commercially to a nicety.

"In some ways it is, Wat, and in some ways it isn't; for now, suppose the wages run low—I don't

believe the old man will give handsome ones—why then I say it's a loss."

But Wat maintained that *middling* board wages was an improvement on or'nary feed, and they were learnedly arguing the point, citing authorities, and producing cases on both sides like acute lawyers, when Gregory came upon them.

"I dare say Greg can tell us what the wages is to be," said Wat; "he's in all the secrets."

"Fix good ones for me, Greg," said cook; "you know I've always stood your friend."

Gregory did not seem much interested in the matter. He told Wat there was plenty to look after, for the "whole consarn" was to be put into fresh hands directly.

"What does that mean?" said cook.

"No more nor no less than the common sense on't," said Gregory.

"But you don't mean as there's to be a baily put in?" said Wat.

"If there is, I shall go, I'm not going to be cook to a baily," said cook.

"Some bailies is very tidy, and some is or'nary enough," said Wat; "it all depends who the baily is, don't it, Greg?"

"What a deal o' trouble you're taking for nothing," said Gregory, as the argument went on hot and strong between them; "there's no baily a-coming here."

"Then what hands is things a-going into?" said Wat.

"Clean hands and strong, that's all I can tell you for this present; I doubt you'll know soon."

"How long will the master stop away?" asked cook, whose curiosity was much increased by the mystery.

"I don't think as he knows, so you may believe I don't," said Gregory, going on towards the yard door.

"Wat, you take my word for it, there's more in the wind than we know to," said cook, impressively.

A sudden peal from the old church bells made Gregory stand still on the threshold, while the cook and Wat looked at each other in mute surprise.

"What's that about?" said cook.

The kitchen-maid, who had been sent to the blacksmith's with a broken iron tripod, ran in, crying out, "Cook, cook—here's news; the young squire's come back, he is indeed; and they're ringing the bells for him."

"Young squire! What young squire?" said cook. But finding no satisfactory information forthcoming, she sent Wat to the forge, who went beyond her instructions, and made a tour of the village, getting additional particulars from every quarter.

Gregory had turned from the door after a moment's pause with disgust in his face, and seemed inclined to go back to Michael's room; but he changed his mind, and crossed the yard rather hurriedly, meeting the kitchen-maid breathless with her stock of the marvellous. He stalked on till he entered the old church. Uncovering his head, he went straight to the belfry. "Who put you to ring?" he said, in a voice stern for him.

The men, suddenly arrested, looked confused, and said they thought it was the right thing to do.

"For why?" demanded Gregory.

"Isn't the young squire come to his own?" asked the foremost.

"Did he, or did anybody belonging to him, tell you to ring?" asked Gregory.

"No, nobody," but they thought it was the right thing to do.

"Did you know the master were badly?" asked Gregory.

They had heard summat about it.

"And so you come to God's house to do such a charitable work as to ring him out of the place, when the very sound of bells, if it was to ring him in, is p'ison to him, and you know it!"

The man who had been at the house had told the

smith that young Squire Gayton was come back: they thought it was their duty to ring for a Gayton.

"I tell you, lads, I don't believe you'd any thought of duty about it; what your thoughts was upon was beer. But you mind, the young squire isn't the man to pay you for ringing the old one out, so you'll have your trouble for nothing."

The men looked at each other abashed; they began to say they only meant to show duty, and so on.

"All right," said Gregory, "then I'll turn head man for the new squire, just for this time, and order you to stop, and you can show duty by doing that same."

There was an authority about Gregory that no one cared to dispute, and the ringers, looking half-provoked and very foolish, walked out of the church, Gregory following them and turning the key in the door. "I'll take the key," he said; "when we are cleared out, you may ring and welcome, but never fling a stone in a man's back, it ain't a bit like Englishmen to do that!—Master's been hard upon 'em, I know, he's not got a taking way wi' 'em; no, it's a pity but what he were a bit more so, but for all that, to go for to ring him out were as base as base."

"Greg!" cried the smith, coming to meet him, "what fine news! So the squire's come—the young one. There'll be a change up at the hall, I reckon."

"I reckon there will," said Gregory.

"Tarvit—Ned Tarvit, that went away with young Squire Jack, as he was used to be called, he's been here, and—"

"Don't man—don't be tellin' me what I'm a'most tired of hearing," said Gregory; "he's come, and long may he live, and happy may he be!"

"And the old squire's to turn out?" asked the smith.

"The old squire's had enough of ye, and won't cry hard to put the new one in his shoes," said Gregory.

"They went off to ring, but they seem to have stopped," said the smith.

"Thought better on't," said Gregory.

"Have you seen anything more of that poor critter as I took you to the coach to go to?" asked the smith, who was a good tactician, and saw that Gregory was not favourable to a longer discourse on the new squire.

"No," said Gregory, "can't say as I have; I was told they'd gone clean out of the country."

"What, the gipsies?"

"Ay."

"I don't believe they have," said the smith. "I seen one very like that woman under a hedge this morning as I come to work; and I'd a mind to offer her a lift in the cart, or anything else I could do for her, but I couldn't make her hear me, shouting to her from the road."

"Poor critters! poor critters!" said Gregory, pityingly, as he reflected on the dying agonies of the man, and the deep sorrow of the woman. He went straight up to Michael when he got home, with a composed face and cheerful aspect, and began to give him some information concerning the stock, but he was sure from his extreme dejection that something had been depressing him. "I'll be bound for it, it's them jingledy bells," he thought; but not noticing his manner, he went on with his business.

"Greg!" said Michael, suddenly, "did you hear them?"

"What?" asked Gregory.

"The bells," said Michael.

"I heard something," said Gregory.

"I thought they were ringing," said Michael, a look of relief passing over his face.

"Very like," said Gregory, calmly, "I didn't say they was, and I didn't say they wasn't; but you might have supposed as it wasn't very much by their stopping."

"True, it's of no consequence," said Michael.

"Never a bit," said Gregory, smiling with pleasure to think that though it was of no consequence he had stopped them. Going from the room, after a little hesitation, he said, "Master, I don't see how Miss Nory can help to know about our giving up of this place."

"Why not?" said Michael.

"Everybody knows it; news is a thing that floats on the air like thistle-seed, and it's sure to come to her somehow."

Michael looked thoughtful.

"If you was to tell her, don't you think it would come more pleasanter than through the maids?" said Gregory.

"Yes, it would be better; but who has spread the report?"

"Somebody as had no consarn w' it, you may be sure; people as has no call to a thing is always the busiest about it," said Gregory, who didn't like to remind his master of Tarvit.

Mr. Banaster had recommended Michael, if he thought his health required it, to leave Dasset immediately, offering to apply to some proper source for an agent to take charge of the place till he felt able to resign it satisfactorily to John. He had revolved this plan in his mind, and decided on going at once and never returning. "I'll never come back, Greg!" he had said to Gregory several times, to which Gregory always replied, "I never 'ouldn't, master." So it was settled that a competent person should be provided to take the reins of government for John till he was able to assume them for himself. Thoroughly satisfactory was this arrangement to Gregory, who looked back with loving longing to their old home, so quiet and so peaceful, where there seemed no room for cares.

Mr. Banaster was sure from Michael's appearance that his health had suffered a severe shock from the perturbation of his mind, which he naturally attributed to the uncertainty he had long felt of his tenure of the estate, and the struggle of giving it up at last. On their way home from Dasset he spoke strongly of the triumph of moral rectitude over the love of money, the most difficult of all idolatries to battle with.

Captain Greenlaw laughed. He had not been at all prepossessed by Michael's appearance, and said plainly he thought if there had not been some flaw in the deed he would not have put it in the fire. "It might do to keep the enemy off when at a distance, but in a grapple you may be sure it would have been as well in the fire as anywhere else."

Mr. Banaster could not tell, but he liked to give him the full credit of the sacrifice.

Honoria was so much occupied with the change before her that she did not see further than a winter's holiday making. "To winter in the south!" sounded so well, it was what high people did! She had no household cares, Michael had always preferred keeping them in his own hands, so her range of employ-

ment was limited. The invention of a new head-dress, or the improvement of an old one, formed her chief diversion from her "devotion to literature." As soon as Michael, who had veered about much with respect to his own immediate proceedings, had resolved what to do, he went to declare himself to her, bearing Gregory's hint in mind.

"Busy, Honor?"

"No, only arranging a few trifles for our tour," she replied.

"Tour?" he said, with an ironical smile; "tour means going round, doesn't it?"

Honoria, with a languid smile, answered, "It means going abroad, I believe."

"Where would you like to go?" asked Michael.

"I prefer the south of France," said Honoria, who knew from all she had heard, that the south of France was exceedingly genteel.

"South of France!" said Michael. "Wouldn't the south of England do? It's warm enough there!"

South of England! That was a great come down.

Honoria would have nothing to talk about when she returned to the few she saw, the dialogue-book and the phrase-book with which she had provided herself would be useless, and her immense advantages in learning the fashions, which she thought grew like grass in the south of France, would be lost. She looked disappointed, and Michael thought he had better make a bold push at once.

"For my part, I care little whether it's south or north; when a man feels jaded and ill all places are alike to him, the only one that's for him is home, don't you think so?"

"But I clearly understood that you were recommended to go abroad for your health," said Honoria.

"I am going—somewhere."

"Where?" asked Honoria.

"Well, agreeing with you that one part of England is very much like another, what do you say to our going home to our old quarters?"

"What, to Maystock?"

"Ay, to Maystock: why shouldn't we? it's a livelier place than this, and there you'd get among the old folks and see the old faces. I think you must be tired of this dull life!"

So implicitly did Honoria rest on her brother's judgment that it required even less reasoning than he had calculated on to convince her at last that the exchange entirely and for ever of Barons Dasset for the home she had left would be to her advantage. Most probably her own secret inclinations favoured the plan, though she did not suspect this. And now that the truth was known to her, there was no object in further concealment. Instead of suffering from the exertion of business, which Mr. Banaster entreated him to put into the hands of others, Michael seemed to gather strength and spirits in winding up the affairs and preparing for the resignation of what had been only a painful, laborious, and profitless stewardship.

Gregory was returning from the survey of some labourers' cottages that had been repaired, and was congratulating himself on the prospect of peace at Maystock, when a voice he could never mistake hailed him from behind.

"It's you, and blesh yer heart for ever, I couldn't look at yer, not even in a moon blink, without knowing yer."

He turned round and waited till she came up.

"I dare say yer a-wondering to see me; belike

yer thought I'd never show me face in this country again after the dark troubles I've had in it," she said, mournfully.

"I can't say I expected of your turning up just this way, but I heerd you was somewheres about by the blacksmith," said Gregory.

"Ay, he hailed me from his cart, but I hadn't got the heart to speak to him; I wanted to come at you for a few words, and I've been dodging about all to-day, and yesterday as well, in the hopes of a sight of yer."

"You might a' knowed where to find me," said Gregory.

"Oh, it's never again I'll go there, nor nowhere as can mind me of lies and wickedness," she said, sobbing.

"I don't know as you did any partickler wickedness there, onlest it were as you took Miss Honor's little tan dog as we lost in a uncomfortable way," said Gregory.

"B'lieve me, I never laid finger on the dog," said the woman; "but I said I was a *widder*: and now isn't it true that I *am* a widder, to punish me for my lies?"

"As to that," said Gregory, "sin is sin, and lies is sin, and all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. I'm not a-going to deny that."

"An' you think I'll have more troubles after I die than I got in my life?" said the gipsy, despairingly.

"Have you left off telling lies?" said Gregory.

"It's very hard to do it; they come so easy, a deal easier than the truth; but I'm fixed to leave 'em off entirely and all manner o' wickedness if I knowed how to do it, and if it was a thing as could be done."

"It's a thing as can be done," said Gregory, "and you can do it, God helping you."

"But will he help *me*?" she cried.

"Didn't he help your husband even at the eleventh hour?" asked Gregory.

"He died about nine," said the gipsy, not understanding the allusion; "he never lived till eleven."

Reminded of her ignorance by this remark, Gregory carefully tried to bring his teaching to a level with her capacity.

"An' how can I pray that haven't got never a word to say for myself?" she said, earnestly.

He repeated the beginning of Psalm li.

"Learn to read," he said—"learn to read, and then you'll find prayers for all you can need to pray for in the book; but remember this one as I'll teach you till such time as you can get more." He then repeated the second and third verses of the psalm several times, and she, being very quick, soon learnt them.

"You say that, and make up the rest by asking for whatever you want, whether for body or soul, straight out, and finish up everything with, 'Through Jesus Christ our Lord,' for you can't have a breath of air without it's through him—no, that you can't!"

"An' yer think I'll come to pray in time?" she asked.

"You want to pray, don't you?"

"B'lieve me, I do," she answered.

"Then waste no more words wi' me, but go and pray as I have told you, and God help you," said Gregory; "it's bitter cold here for standing and talking, and you'd best be going home, as I must."

"Home!" said the gipsy, with a voice that went to his heart.

"Ay; well, you've never been used to a home, you see, so I don't think it makes much differ to you what your quarters may be."

"The hedge-side, the hill-side, the common, the cart, all was home alike when I had *him*," she said, "but now there's none for me anywhereabouts."

"Well, well, don't take on so," said Gregory, with some difficulty in commanding his voice; "you're none the worse, maybe, for having no home in this world, by reason it may make you long for a better one in the next."

He was in the act of taking out his bag, but she stopped him.

"Keep your money; I'm strong, and can work; I'm going with the rest to 'Merica, and I hope I'll be learnt to read the Book, and do what yer've telled me, and I'll never thieve nor lie again if I can help it; an' as soon as I get in the way o' prayin', I'll never give over axing blessings on yer head."

Her refusal of money was a strong argument with Gregory in favour of her sincerity.

He stood to watch her from the gate as she disappeared in the distance.

"Curous!" he thought, "that she should be in such a fret after that man; he were a ill-looking fellow enough, though to be sure he were her husband; and for all he repented, I do believe, at the last, he were a hard piece, I take it, to live with; but there, there's no 'counting for things," he reflected again, as his own love for his master rose in his memory—his master that nobody else loved, a *very* hard piece to live with, and that he had had a fight to keep people from ringing out of the place! "I suppose she were used to him," he sighed, apologetically for the gipsy—"there's a deal in use!"

CHAPTER L.—NOTHING PERFECT.

"NOTHING is perfect"—very likely the reader, like the writer, had that aphorism presented to him in the days of youth as a round-hand copy. Whether the various personages with whom he has in this narrative been made acquainted were thus early initiated into the doctrine or not, they were all obliged in one way or another to succumb to its truth, as it regarded earthly things, as life advanced.

Miss Taffilet was at first overjoyed at Emmet's happy settlement. She got more and more persuaded of John's being a genuine Taffilet—although the Gaytons had come into the family rather late, it was true. She liked her remembrance of Dasset, it was a fine old place; she would certainly make a collection of all the heraldic insignia carved in wood and stone, and scattered about in every direction. She enjoyed the idea of Emmet's presiding there—a *true Taffilet*. All her cares for her, all her fears were at an end; the great aim of her life was gained, and now she might rest from her labours. This felicitous state continued for a little time, but then came, "Nothing is perfect." There were thorns around the rose, that pricked her, and pricked severely too. The family at Callisthon was one, and a sharp one. She saw that John had no intention to alter his relations with Callisthon. The honest but very homely farmer was to be treated as his "father for many years;" the plain unpretending Mrs. Trafford as mother; the plebeian children as brothers and sisters. Yes, that troop of infant yeomanry would doubtless overrun the aristocratic hall of Barons Dasset, and at once rob it of its character! If he could have given them a good

sum of money, and say "Farewell!" But this, she felt, was impossible; nay, worse than this, presuming on the connection, she foresaw that Lee Point would now be considered open, and all the Taffilet traditions as defunct. The shade of Nathan would be constantly aggrieved by the inroads of the barbarians. But there was another thorn; it was farther off, but it was quite as sharp as Callisthon—the old lady and gentleman.

"Aunty dear," said Emmet, "you will call on John's kind friends in Boulderstow, won't you?"

Rashly, having never seen the "kind friends," having no power to conceive any friends like them—rashly, Miss Taffilet, to the detriment of her peace for some time, consented. She might have sent a card, she might have pleaded disinclination for visiting in winter, she might have quoted the weather, she might have hinted at incipient sore throat or headache. The old gentleman would have heartily commended her prudence, and held her well-excused. But she consented. She was staying with Mr. Keriol for a few days: she had felt herself bound to testify her regret for Alan's loss, though it was Emmet's gain. "What sort of people are they, Emmet?" she said, as Mima was preparing her for the call.

"Very nice old people, aunty; John is very fond of them."

"Any family?"

"No, they have no children," said Emmet.

"Pooch, nonsense, I mean descent," said Miss Taffilet.

"Oh, I forgot! John can tell you that better than I can, I never asked him," said Emmet.

"No, I dare say not," said Miss Taffilet, who was afraid that her niece was getting worse and worse in her indifference to such distinctions. "This the house!" she exclaimed, as they stopped at the door, which the little maid-of-all-work opened as if by a spring.

"Miss Taffy and Miss —," said the little maid, who could not go any further in the announcement.

"Shut the door *immediately*! you forget the draught," said the old gentleman, before he looked at the ladies.

The old lady, who knew they were coming, and had ordered the little maid not to keep them a moment at the door, rose to receive them.

Miss Taffilet extended her fingers to her, that was all; she gave the old gentleman, who of course was on the sofa, a very stiff bow. "I was requested by Mr. John Gayton—I believe he has received kindness from you; he asked me to call and say—ahem!" Miss Taffilet began, finding she was expected to open the conference.

"Don't make any apologies, ma'am, pray don't, we are happy to see any of John's friends; very happy indeed, and although it is near our dinner-time, and we never put off our dinner, we shall be glad if you will eat a bit with us; nothing very fine, but wholesome. I dare say John has told you you will get nothing but wholesome food here."

The invitation and information rather confounding Miss Taffilet by its entire novelty, she was silent.

"I dare say, ma'am, you feel the cold from that window; come near the fire, pray," said the old gentleman. "Ah, this is the young lady that is going to enter into matrimony with Jack; and I hope you will have every happiness, miss, and so does my wife, I am sure."

The old lady did not feel easy. She was aware, in

some instinctive way, peculiar perhaps to her sex, that there was something uncongenial to the elder of the two ladies, and that the younger was uncomfortable in consequence of it; but she tried a little speech, which died away in a soft murmur.

"Ah, a curious story, that of poor Jack!" said the old gentleman. "My dear, get the wine out and the biscuits."

"Not for us," said Miss Taffilet.

"Oh, it's only currant, home-brewed; it won't fly to your head, ma'am, though it's before dinner; it's a good stomachic at this time of year, *especially for elderly people*," said the old gentleman.

Miss Taffilet looked more and more like a vinegar-cruet: she allowed the old lady to pour out the wine, without condescending to taste or refuse it.

"Give some to the young lady; she ought to be congratulated. I assure you, my dear miss, if it would agree with me, I would take a glass myself," said the old gentleman, who was getting quite sprightly at the sight of Emmet's engaging face, though she did not look to advantage.

"Ah," said the old gentleman again, as if determined to leave no depth in Miss Taffilet's disgusts unsounded—"ah, if Jack's father had only been a wise man, he needn't have got into trouble and gone away and died. I offered him a share in my business—an excellent business it was, we had the oldest connection known in the place: woolstaplers, ma'am—woolstaplers; but he wouldn't hear of it—no, he wouldn't hear of it. I was sorry when Jack (our Jack) was grown up that the business hadn't been kept on for him; he should have had my share, that he should. However, he's got a nice thing now, and it's his own; and that's a great consideration. Been in the family a long time, I suppose, and that's better than a business—better than a business. You don't drink your wine, ma'am. My dear, hand it."

"Thank you, no," said Miss Taffilet, looking at her watch and half rising.

"No hurry, ma'am, it's five minutes good before she lays the cloth. I believe it was you that Jack had the pleasure of saving. I hope, ma'am, you never felt the worse for it?"

Miss Taffilet replied that her niece had not been hurt at all, but that she had suffered severely at the time.

"Ah, you see, old folks fall heavy, that's it," said the old gentleman, putting the finishing stroke to his misdemeanors.

"Emmet!" cried Miss Taffilet, when they left, "I *couldn't* marry a man with such people belonging to him; no, not if he had royalty to offer me!"

Emmet could not help laughing; she had had some difficulty in restraining herself during the interview, and heartily repented having urged the call.

"Now, Emmet, understand, you are going to marry *Mr. Gayton*, of Barons Dasset; but those Traffords and these people, and all such beings, I do entirely eschew. Never ask me, never expect me, to have any connection, any communication, with them. When I am invited to Dasset I expect to meet *my own*."

Emmet promised, and inwardly rejoiced that she was not, as Aunt Abigail had so often told her, a Taffilet at heart.

Poor Miss Taffilet did not get over the worthy woolstapler and his wife for a long time, and declared if they came to the wedding she would—

But John assured her there was no danger of it.

These two thorns in Miss Taffilet's rose are enough

to describe, though the stem bristled with others. There is but one thornless Rose—with the fragrance of that Rose she was as yet unacquainted. Her connection with "Yeoman John" was the means of showing her, in the decline of life, that the highest of genealogical distinctions, before which all others fade, is to be a child of God.

Mr. Banaster was so fully assured that nothing is perfect which depends on man, that he was prepared for every proof of it as it arose. He was much interested in John's happy circumstances; he was glad at heart that his responsibility was over and his staff of office broken; but it was a serious inroad on his serenity, a breaking up of his quiet habits, to provide a proper agent for the new "Lord of the Manor," some one who would facilitate the business to Michael, and take all possible care and trouble off his hands. But he did not hold back from the task, nor desist from his duty till he had accomplished it. He had never liked Michael. Even now, when his conduct had, apparently, been so great an improvement on his character, he could not help suspecting, with Captain Greenlaw, that if the deed had been without a flaw, he would not so readily have sacrificed it; yet he felt drawn to him as he had never expected to be, by the change in his whole manner, which, something told him, indicated a better state of things within. "I believe old Gregory has been of use to him," he thought; "his years of patience and, no doubt, of prayer, have not been lost." With this in his heart, he was disposed to lighten every burden in his removal from Dasset.

Mr. Kerol was less troubled than he had expected to be by the sudden apparition of the true heir, to the defeat of Alan's hopes. Alan's new phase of character, so promising, had, with the help of Mr. Banaster's happy prognostications, greatly soothed him. As to Alan, he seemed to forget that he had ever expected Dasset, in the earnest resolves he was occupied in respecting his future life. Having taken a calm survey of what he was and what he hoped to be, he came to the resolution to ask Mary whether, when he had become an eminent architect (which he concluded, on his devoting himself to it, would as naturally be the case as that an oak should spring from an acorn), she would marry him. "For," thus he argued, "in rank and that sort of thing we are all right: no up-and-down work there to hurt King John, or King Stephen; in fortune—ah! that's where I'm weak; but then, she will have money now, and I shall have money when I get it; so that's square. Then, as we are about equal in other respects, I don't see any harm in finding out how the land lies. As to getting worse into the wood without knowing whether I shall ever come out of it, that's out of the question." So, having told his guardian what he meant to do, he went to Callisthon, where John and Mary were staying, and came back with Mary's assurance that, as they were both young, she would wait for him, if necessary, till he was an "eminent architect," or in some other equally fitting position.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE.

THERE is an old story about an experiment made by an eccentric individual who believed that animals might be trained to live without eating. The man's whole life afterwards was embittered by the reflection

that the horse on which he tried the experiment died when he had reduced its diet to one straw per diem; thus, as he said, preventing him from establishing the truth of his opinion just as he was on the point of proving it. This theory of the experimentalist can be so far supported by cases which at least prove that it is possible for persons to live without food for a length of time.

In records of sieges during war, and of shipwrecks, and other accidents by sea or land, there are frequent instances of long periods of enforced abstinence. Let one instance suffice. In a mine near Wolverhampton eight men and a boy were buried by a landslip. Efforts were made to dig them out, but day after day passed, and all hope of getting them out alive was given up; still, they persevered for the sake of recovering the bodies. After the lapse of seven days the miners reached the stall in which they were buried, and, to their very great astonishment, they found the whole of them alive. During the time of their imprisonment they had not had a mouthful to eat, and all they had to drink was a very small quantity of water which dripped from the roof. This case is worthy of special mention, because all the men buried were got out in good health, and therefore their fasting did not arise from an inability to eat, as in the cases of extraordinary abstinence caused by morbid conditions of the body; to which we here specially refer.

The subject was recently brought into prominent notice by reports of the case of Sarah Jacob, "the fasting girl of Wales." This girl, the daughter of a small farmer in Carmarthenshire, about thirteen years of age, was said to have lived without any food for two years. Not only was she not emaciated, but she retained a plump appearance, and "her cheeks and lips were of a beautiful rosy colour." Such was the testimony of Dr. Fowler, one of the medical men from London, who visited her. "The eyes were bright and sparkling;" but "there was that restless movement and frequent looking out of the corners of the eyes, so characteristic of simulative disease." Minute examination of the patient and of the bed was not permitted, and Dr. Fowler thus ended his report, which is worth recording, whatever may at this moment be the state of the case:—"Admitted into a London hospital, or into the Carmarthenshire Infirmary, this poor child would, doubtless, be quickly relieved from a malady which in a year or so may not only become chronic, but also be the forerunner of some physical or some more severe form of mental disease. No sensible medical man, unless guaranteed perfect control and means, would undertake the treatment of such a case in the cottage in which the girl lives. Unless some sudden impression, such as the house on fire, is made upon the child's nervous system, she is (where she is) likely to remain some time in the state she now lies. The late Sir Benjamin Brodie had an aptitude for the detection of these cases. In his work on 'Local Nervous Diseases' he details many analogous cases and the successful treatment thereof. Being made an object of curiosity, sympathy, and profit, is not only totally antagonistic to this girl's recovery, but also renders it extremely difficult for a medical man to determine how much of the symptoms is the result of a morbid perversion of will, and how much is the product of intentional deceit."

A few previous cases may be briefly cited. Anne, the daughter of Jonathan Walsh, living at Harro-

gate, is said to have eaten no kind of solid food from the time she was ten years and six months old until she was turned twelve years. During this time her sustenance was derived from wine and water, of which she drank but a pint in three days; sufficient, however, as is affirmed, to keep her in good health.

A still more extraordinary case is chronicled in the "Memoirs of the Académie des Sciences." On the 9th of November, 1751, Christina Michelot, the daughter of a vine-dresser at Pomard, about half a league from Beaune, at ten years and six months of age was seized with a fever. As soon as the delirium left her, she became totally paralysed and incapable of speaking or eating; the only faculties she retained were hearing, feeling, and seeing. For four years she remained in this condition, and during the whole of that time she swallowed nothing but water, and very little of that. Her stomach and abdomen shrunk away, yet her body kept its colour, her eye its brightness, her complexion its freshness, and her pulse was regular and strong. A physician at Beaune suspected some trickery, and at his suggestion she was removed to the house of a lady, a friend of his, who watched the invalid very closely, and was able to assure him of the truth of the report he had received concerning her. Once he gave her veal broth instead of water, but it was vomited immediately, and brought on convulsions. After this her father took her with him on a pilgrimage, and on her return, as she was in great distress from thirst, she managed to ask for water, and her voice from this time gradually returned to her. With her speech she began to recover the use of her hands and arms a little, until she got strength enough to drag herself about the room with the help of two crutches. Dr. Lardillon first saw her on the 9th of December, 1754, which was when she was in the condition just described. He made a careful and scrupulous examination of her body, and gave it as his opinion that there was no reason why she might not recover the full use of her limbs. The correctness of this opinion was gradually established, for within one year afterwards the withered limbs had filled out to their natural proportions, and she ate like anybody else.

A writer in the "Monthly Magazine" gave an account of a woman, Anne Moore, at Tutbury. At the time, she was fifty-eight years of age, and had not eaten any food for eighteen months. The account she herself gave to Mr. Robinson, the writer, and which was confirmed by her neighbours, was that she had been attacked on three occasions by inflammation of the bowels, accompanied by spasms and fits, and after the last attack her appetite and digestive organs were so much weakened that she could not retain anything in her stomach except tea, milk, puddings, or vegetables, and of those she took little. She continued in this way, gradually eating less and less, until a penny loaf was sufficient to supply all the food she required for fourteen days. When she had reached this point, she dropped the bread altogether, and took only water and tea. For fourteen months she languished on this small quantity of liquid, and then the case became so noised abroad, that several surgeons visited her, and they, doubting the truth of this statement, caused her to be removed from her own house to a neighbour's, and constantly watched by day and night; they themselves taking it in turn to visit her several times daily. She never touched

anything but water, and hardly a drop of that. In consequence of this abstinence, the greater part of her muscles and soft parts were absorbed. At the time the report was written, she had not swallowed anything beside a spoonful of water at long intervals for the preceding six months.

These instances are all very vague in details and results, and more suited for the columns of newspapers than of scientific journals. But they show the kind of cases to which public attention is from time to time invited under the title of "fasting girls," and "extraordinary abstinence."

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

In days when books were rare, and readers few, the Carol singer was a more important person than he is now. To the unlettered peasants, a "ballad in print" was once a thing uncommon, and they flocked round the carol-seller with wondering delight, not the less that he often sung to a very doleful tune. Village schools and village choirs have enlarged the rustic knowledge, and improved the rustic ear. Most of our country parishes can now supply their own carol-singers, and are less dependent on the travelling vendors of these Christmas wares.

More than forty years ago, Hone, the author of the "Everyday Book," said that the old carols "begin to be spoken of as not belonging to this century, and yet no one, that I am aware of, has attempted a collection of these fugitive pieces." Few of the ancient carols are admitted into the modern hymn-books in common use, and so they seemed to be among the old things which were passing away. But Hone, in this matter, under-estimated the persistency of popular taste. With all the improvements in printing, and the progress of art, there is still a large demand, both in town and country, for the rude broadsheets which form the stock-in-trade of the carol-singer.

We have made a collection of the old Christmas carols still printed and sung. They are indeed curiosities of religious literature. They nearly all come from the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, where several printing-presses keep up the annual supply. Chief among these is the notorious press of Jemmy Catnach, though now bearing the name of another printer. It is in Monmouth Court, Dudley Street. Going down this busy mart of old clothes and old shoes, the entrance to Monmouth Court is on the left, about half-way from St. Giles's to the Seven Dials. Entering the court, a window with specimens of sentimental ballads and cut-throat looking stories marks the place where Catnach, "the Colburn and Bentley of his day," produced his "Seven Dials literature." Other printers of similar broadsheets and serial stories are near; but a visit to one suffices to show the nature of the trade. The paper is flimsy, the type poor, the woodcuts (for they are almost all "illustrated" publications) coarse, and the colouring wild "beyond all rule of art." That such productions should have a large circulation is rather mortifying in these days of educational progress; but it is so, for the supply can only equal the demand. In style, the Christmas carols are printed as rudely as the less reputable issues from the same presses. Hone once asked Batchelor, a printer of Christmas carols in Moorfields, whether he would not exchange

his old-fashioned and rude woodcuts for better and more modern designs. "No," said Batchelor, "these are old favourites, and better would not please my customers so well." Mr. Hotten put a similar question to a Seven Dials printer, and received a like answer. The cuts *were* certainly old, said the successor to Pitt—of dying speech and ballad memory—but "the old people who buy them wouldn't have them at all if the pictures were new.* They would say they wer'n't genuine, and I might as well have never printed 'em."

The broadsheets (in size usually about fifteen inches by ten inches) contain several carols, with a variety of illustrations. The coloured sheets are hideous daubs, but their sale may give a useful hint to those who may seek to supply a better article of the class. Each sheet has a general heading for the trade. Some of these headings are as follow: "The Saviour's Garland: a choice collection of the most esteemed carols;" "Divine Mirth;" "Saviour of mankind;" "Christmas drawing near at hand;" "Harp of Israel;" "The Nativity, a collection of excellent Christmas carols;" "The Messiah;" "The Evergreen; carols for Christmas holidays." The last-named broadsheet we give just as it is printed, as a specimen of the whole:—

GOD REST YOU.

God rest you merry gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember, Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day,
To save poor souls from Satan's power,
Which a long time had gone astray.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, that is our Father,
The blessed angels came
Unto some certain shepherds
With tidings of the same—
That there was born in Bethlehem
The SON of GOD by name.
And 'tis tidings, etc.

"Go, fear not," said God's Angels,
"Let nothing you affright,"
For there is born in Bethlehem
Of a pure Virgin bright;
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite."
And 'tis tidings, etc.

The Shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storms, and wind.
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find.
And 'tis tidings, etc.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay.
The blessed Virgin kneeling down
Unto the Lord did pray.
And 'tis tidings, etc.

With sudden joy and gladness
The Shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel
Before his mother mild.
Said they, "Upon this blessed day
The Scriptures are fulfilled."
And 'tis tidings, etc.

* In one of his catalogues of old books, Mr. Hotten has printed two specimens of these old woodcuts from the identical blocks that had been in use for half a century. "They were obtained," he adds, "not without much difficulty, for the printer had dark and mysterious suspicions as to the use I might make of them."

Now to the Lord sing praises
All you within this place;
And like true loving Christians
Each other then embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace.
And 'tis tidings, etc.

God bless the rulers of this house
With great prosperity;
And many a merry Christmas
May they live again to see,
Amongst their friends and kindred
That live both far and near.
And God send us all a happy New Year.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

In friendly love and unity,
For good St. Stephen's sake,
Let us all this blessed day
To Heaven our prayers make—
That we with him the cross of Christ
May freely undertake.
And Heaven will bless us evermore.

Now, while we sit here banqueting,
Of dainties having store,
Let us not forgetful be
To cherish up the poor,
And give what is convenient
To the needy at the door.
And Heaven will bless you evermore.

For God hath made you stewards here
Upon the earth to dwell.
He that gathereth for himself,
And will not use it well,
'Gainst the kindness of his Maker
Does wickedly rebel.
And Heaven, etc.

May every blessing from on high
Attend each family dear,
Long life, health, and prosperity,
To enjoy good Christmas cheer.
Now kindly for my pretty song,
Good butler, draw some beer.
And Heaven, etc.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

The moon shines bright, the stars give light
A little before 'tis day;
And hark! the bellman of the night
Awakes us all to pray.
Awake! awake! good people all,
Awake! and you shall hear
How Christ the Lord this day was born,
To be our Saviour dear.

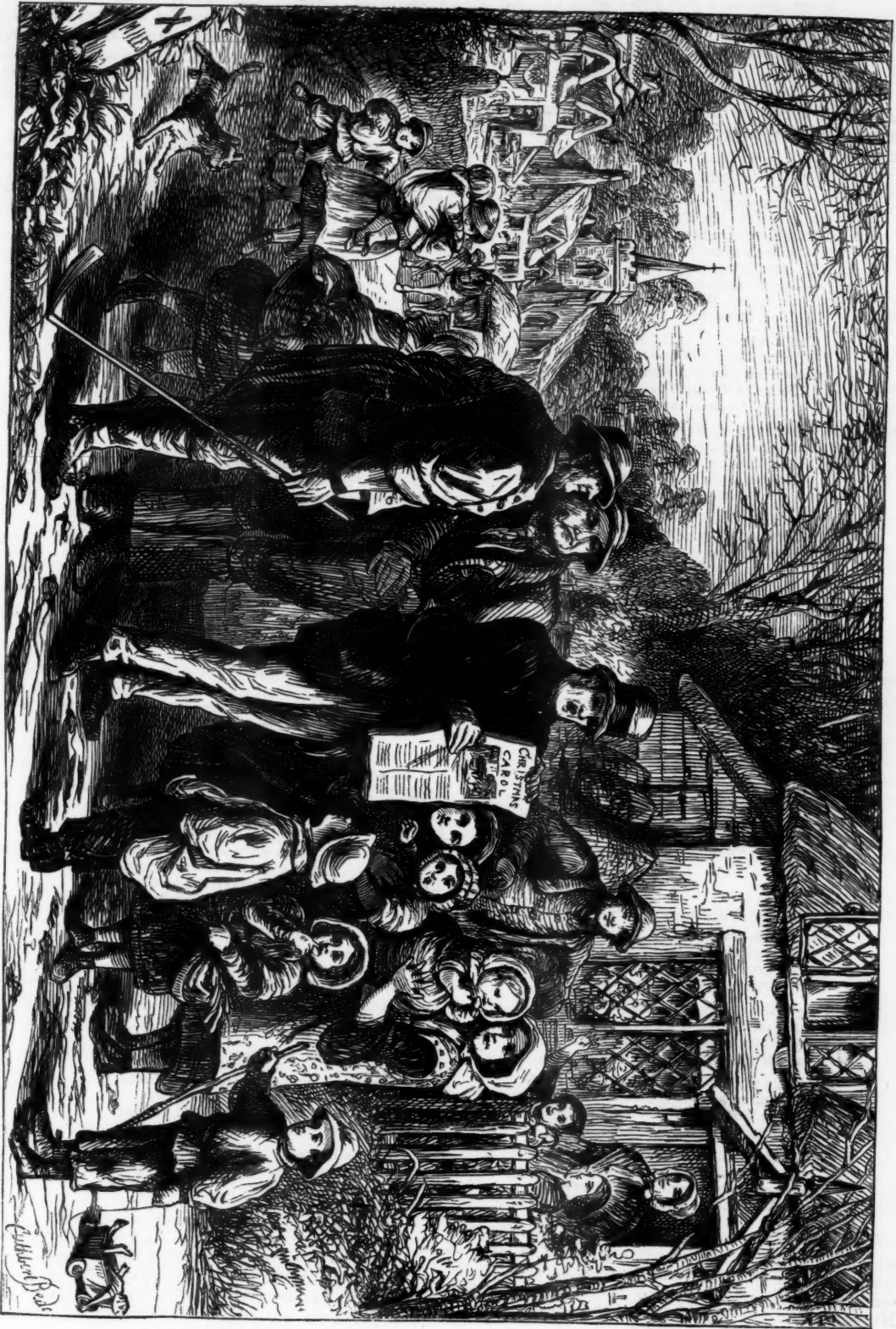
Arise, arise! and let us sing
Glad songs to hail the day,
The day that Christ our Heavenly King
Did in a manger lay.
To save poor sinners such as we
From everlasting pain,
Christ died upon the cursed tree
And rose from death again.

The life of man is but a span,
He come forth like a flower,
For presently he is cut down
And withered in an hour.
Princes and kings, with those that sing,
These ditties through the streets,
Though fortune does them here divide,
In death at last shall meet.

HOLY INNOCENTS.

Now cruel Herod with wrath and anger filled
Did order that all infants should be killed,
Thinking to murder our dear Saviour then,
O cruel, cruel, savage-hearted man.

THE COUNTRY CAROL-SELLER.



Hail! ye first flowers of martyrdom;
Whom, heedless of your tender age,
Christ's persecutor, blind with rage,
Destroyed—as
Does the storm young roses in their bloom.

The next carol on the sheet may be taken as a specimen of the doggerel which dates from Popish times:—

THE JOYS.

The first good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of one;
To see her own Son Jesus
To suck at her breast-bone.
To suck at her breast-bone. God-man
And blessed may he be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To make the lame to go.
To make the lame to go, etc.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of three;
When that her own Son Jesus
Did make the blind to see.
To make the blind to see, etc.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To read the Scriptures o'er.
To read the Scriptures o'er, etc.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of five;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To raise the dead to life.
To raise the dead to life, etc.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of six;
To see her own Son Jesus
To wear the crucifix.
To wear the crucifix, etc.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To wear the Crown of Heaven.
To wear the Crown of Heaven, etc.

THE THREE SHIPS.

As I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by,
I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And who should be with these three ships,
With these three ships, these three ships
And who should be with these three ships
But Joseph and his fair lady.

O he did whistle, she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
For joy that our Saviour he was born,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Two of these carols, "The Merry Gentlemen," and the "Joys," are the most popular of all. A version of the latter, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, is among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum. Another ancient carol thus begins:

"When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
And he married Mary, the queen of Galilee."

An old version of the hymn well known in modernised form, "Christians, awake! salute the happy morn;" "It is the day, the holy day on which our Lord was born;" "Come, Christians all, behold the Lamb," and "Ye faithful, triumphant enter into Bethlehem," are carols included in most of the sheets. The latter, by the way, is invariably printed with the stop thus,

"Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem," etc.

It is sung to the tune of the Portuguese Hymn. Another old favourite is "The Angel Gabriel," thus commencing:

"Come, all you faithful Christians
That dwell upon the earth,
Come, celebrate the morning
That gave the Saviour birth.
This is the happy morning,
This is the happy morn,
Whereon, to save our ruined race,
The Son of God was born.

"Behold, the angel Gabriel,
In Scripture it is said,
Did with his holy message come
Unto the virgin maid;
Hail, blest among all women,
And thus did greet her then,
Lo, thou shalt be the mother,
Of the Saviour of all men."

Another old carol is entitled "A Virgin most pure," from the opening words:

"A virgin most pure, as the prophets did tell,
Should bring forth a son, and so it befel,
To be our Redeemer from death and from sin,
Which Adam's transgression involved us in."

Then follows the quaint chorus repeated after each verse:

"Therefore, be merry, aye, therefore be merry,
Rejoice, and be merry, set sorrow aside,
For Christ our Redeemer was born on this tide."

The duty of liberality to the poor at Christmas-tide is forcibly enjoined in the old ballad of Dives and Lazarus, beginning thus:—

"As it fell upon a day,
Dives made a feast,
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
Then Lazarus laid him down and wept,
And down at Dives's door,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor."

We conclude by quoting an equally plain and practical carol, which gives the title to one of the broadsheets.

CHRISTMAS DRAWING NEAR AT HAND.

Christmas now is drawing near at hand,
Serve the Lord and be at his command,
And God for you a portion will provide,
And give a blessing to your soul beside.

Remember, man, that thou art made of clay,
And in this world thou hast not long to stay,
This wicked world will never be content
With all its gifts that God hath sent.

Down in the garden where flowers grow in ranks,
Down on your bended knees and give the Lord thanks,
Down on your knees and pray both night and day,
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray.

So proud and lofty is some sort of sin,
Which many take delight and pleasure in,
Whose conversation God doth much dislike,
And yet he shakes his sword before he strikes.

So proud and lofty do some people go,
Dressing themselves like players in a show,
They patch and paint and dress with idle stuff,
As if God had not made them fine enough.

E'en little children learn to curse and swear,
And can't rehearse one word of godly prayer,
Oh! teach them better—teach them to rely
On Christ, the sinners friend who reigns on high.

In the older carols which we have quoted will be noticed some fragments of Romish superstition and error, for they date from pre-Reformation times. But they are free from the abject Popery and profane Mariolatry of the modern Church of Rome. On the whole, it is satisfactory to state that the teaching of the Carols is sound, and that the offences are mainly against propriety and good taste. Without losing what has hold on the popular mind, it would be easy to produce broadsheets more attractive in appearance, and with greater variety of matter.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

WILLIAM JERDAN.

A BRIEF notice of the late "Author of Men I have Known," with two or three "Characteristic Letters" from his own pen, will fitly close this series of papers.

When the death was announced of "Mr. Jerdan, formerly editor of the 'Literary Gazette,'" there were many to whom the name both of the paper and of its editor were strange. They both belonged to a generation which had passed away. The obituary notices in various journals showed, however, that there were some who still cherished the memory of one of the most notable men of his time, and appreciated his position in the history of literature. The notice in the "Times" was as follows:—"Forty years ago there were few names better known in London society and in the world of letters than that of William Jerdan. Surviving almost all his literary contemporaries, he died on the 11th inst. (July 1869), at Bushey Heath, in his 88th year. A native of Kelso, and educated at Edinburgh for the Scottish law, he came to London to push his way in literature. Of his varied fortunes in this precarious profession he has given a faithful record in his 'Autobiography,' published about fifteen years ago. His genial spirit, ready wit, and abundant anecdote, made him a welcome guest in other than merely literary circles. With most of the notable personages of the last fifty years he had personal acquaintance, and with some of the men of highest mark in literature and politics he was on terms of intimacy. An interesting volume of personal recollections, entitled 'Men I have Known,' appeared two years ago, inscribed to the then Chief Baron (Sir Frederick) Pollock, also a borderer, with whom Mr. Jerdan since boyhood had maintained an unbroken friendship. It was Mr. Jerdan who, in the lobby of the old House of Commons, seized Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval. At that time one of the reporters for the press, his connection with periodical literature continued for half a century. In recent numbers of 'Fraser's Magazine' are contributions from his pen, and the last two parts of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' contain an article on the celebrated Beef-Steak Club, which no other living man could have written from personal knowledge. For several years recently he has contributed to the 'Leisure Hour' a series of reminiscences of distin-

guished men, illustrated by characteristic letters. Of the Royal Literary Fund in its early days he was a zealous advocate, and by his influence greatly aided its prosperity. His kindly help was always afforded to young aspirants in literature and art, and his memory will be cherished by many whom he helped to rise to positions of honour and independence. Late in life he received a pension of £100 a year for his long services to literature."

The "Literary Gazette" is here not mentioned, it being presumed probably that Mr. Jerdan's connection with that once celebrated journal was well known. He became sole editor soon after it was started, in 1817, and filled the editorial chair for nearly thirty-five years. For most of that time the "Gazette" was the only journal devoted to literature and art, and when gradually followed by other similar journals, such as the "Athenæum," it maintained a character which no other has reached. Mr. Jerdan retired from the editorship in 1850, when he was presented with a handsome testimonial, subscribed for by most of his contemporaries of the press, and by many noblemen and gentlemen, as an acknowledgment of his services. Two years later, Mr. Jerdan published his "Autobiography" in four volumes, a book not carefully written or judiciously edited, but containing a vast deal of curious information about men and books, and many anecdotes of the times. Had Mr. Jerdan kept a record of events during his long life, it would have furnished a work as interesting as the "Diary of Crabb Robinson," or other books of the kind.

In this autobiography, Mr. Jerdan has so candidly revealed his own faults, as well as recorded his labours, that we are relieved from any formal portraiture of character. Not a few will respond to the hope, quaintly but touchingly expressed in the autobiography, "that some fond and faithful regrets might embalm the memory of the sleeper, who can never wake more to participate in a sorrow and bestow a solace, listen to distress and bring it relief, serve a friend and forgive a foe, perform his duties as perfectly as his human frailty allowed, never willfully do injury to man, woman, or child, and love his neighbours—of one sex as himself, and of the other better."

Among his papers was found the following memorandum, in the form of an unfinished letter to his daughter, Mrs. T. Irwin. It gives a list of his principal literary employments and undertakings.

August 12th, 1866.

MY DEAREST AGNES,—My malady having lasted nearly a week, and refused to yield to medicine, and feeling myself getting more and more weakly, with utter loss of appetite, I think of throwing a few notes together for hereafter, when my medley of papers can hardly afford explanations of anything worth clearing up.

My first appearance in print was in a Portsmouth paper, with some lines to Wilberforce, and for abolition of slavery. This was in 1804-5, when I was an invalid in my uncle's care, and entered on the books of the Gladiator, of which he was surgeon, in order to sleep on board, and be immediately under his eye. I was ranked as "loblolly boy" in the carpenter's mess, had the captain of marines' cabin and cot, and a boat whenever I wanted to sail about, from John Price, the signal Lieutenant (as noble a specimen of the true sailor as ever lived), and who, with Mitchell (purser), and my uncle, formed my actual mess, the admiral and captain residing on shore.

"London Aurora Newspaper," "Morning Post," "Pilot" (sub-editing), "British Press" (reporter, when Perceval was assassinated), "Morning Post" (sub-editing, and casual reporting).

"Sun" for nearly five years, and "Literary Gazette," 1817.

"The Monthly Satirist," which I purchased from Manners, and

continued, but not in the original spirit, till it died of gentlemanly conduct.

"The British Eclogue," 1809 (a misnomer), by *W. J. Andre*, a poetical pamphlet on the 50th anniversary of the reign of George III.

"The Paris Spectator," 1814, a selection from Tony's "Hermite de la Chaussee de l'Antin," three vols.

"A Voyage to the Isle of Elba," 1815, from the French, 8vo.

"Literary Gazette," 1817-50, thirty-three volumes, above seventeen hundred weekly issues.

"The National Portrait Gallery" (Fisher's), 4to (1831), six parts, two vols. Some of the biographies chiefly compilation, but with painstaking; and some of peculiar research and historical interest.

"The Rutland Papers," 4to, for the Camden Society.

"The Perth Papers," 4to, for the Camden Society.

(The last, an interesting biography of the Drummond chief and clan; the preceding, of historical importance, the editing of which required much research.)

"Yankee Humour," a petty *jeu d'esprit*, selected from an American publication, with a preface.

Very numerous contributions, in prose and verse, to serials, annuals, and periodicals of every description. Several in the "Quarterly" and "Edinburgh Review," a series in "Bentley's Miscellany," the "Bazaar," in "New Monthly," and afterward separately as the "Bazaar;" latterly much in the "Leisure Hour," some in "Chambers," some in "Dickens," some in the "London Review," etc., etc.

Edited "Tallis's Weekly Paper," and wrote much for the "Kelso Mail."

London Correspondent to Boston and Washington.

"Autobiography," 4 vols. (1852).

"Men I have Known," 1 vol. (1866).

The "Men I have Known," the last work in this list, was founded on the series of papers which had appeared in the "Leisure Hour." Connected with this series, and with the subsequent series of selected letters of notable men, the editor possesses much correspondence of a characteristic kind, but he prefers selecting a specimen or two from some letters kindly given for the purpose by Sir Frederick Pollock, late Lord Chief Baron, to whose generous friendship Mr. Jerdan was in his later years greatly indebted.

Bushey Heath, near Watford,
15th April, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thought you would like to hear that I am safely lodged here, whither, thanks to your providence, I contrived to get down, finding that, with the utmost economy, the cost of moving consumed the last "splendid shilling" so profitably sung by Phillips that I wish I could imitate his lay and obtain a purchaser for the poem. I am now, like Adam (not he of Eden, but of Shakspeare), "shaping my old course in a country new."

I told you it would be my birthday to-morrow. What a look back! *Tempus edax rerum* they say; but, bless his old heart, he eats up a large share of our griefs as well as other things, and so it is needless to quarrel with the fellow, especially as we must part so soon.

Now, though you are again benching it, which I am thankful to say (in other sense of the word) I am not, will you try to find time for a wee letter just to say how's a' wi' ye, that copious Scotch salutation and inquiry. Is baby quite restored and are your anxieties relieved? I sincerely hope so. My philo-progenitive-ness is almost a mania. I cannot bear the sight or thought of children ill; and I am not sure that I do not connive at the vagaries even of ill children. If we examine closely we shall learn that they are often not so bad as they are deemed, whereas men and women are generally worse. Therein lies the difference, and I am sorry for it, being one of the aged.

My dear friend, always yours,

W. JERDAN.

Bushey Heath, 5th Aug. '58.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I flatter myself you will go far to prove the harmony in our thoughts of which I bragged in my autobiography. Our letters cross, but there are no signs of cross-purpose. Yours, which lightened my waking hour this morning (I dare say you had been up two or three hours with the lark, whilst I adhere to the "mellow mavis" that hails the night fa'), im-

* Or rather, when we have it, in the short season,
"The daring nightingale
Defying the bleak night with harmony."

presses me more and more with the striking nature of your Gems of Jewish (Biblical) Literature. Even the loose outline has filled my mind with noble ideas; but if you pour out your imaginings as copiously as you have done within the last month, you will furnish enough to engage and distract my fainting spirit to follow you.

"Oh, King, we are not careful to answer," recalls both in language and force of rejoinder, the first of a favourite passage of mine in "Chevy Chase," in which I can fancy the bold retainers of the Douglas, when asked whose men they are that dared invade the Northumberland deer-chase of the Percy, answering:

"We list not to declare,
Nor tell whose men we be!"

Nor is Shakspeare far from it in his humorous travesty,

"I bite my thumb, sir!"

How "suggestive" are such themes, and they are not unfit for "two old (not too old) gentlemen nearer eighty than seventy," who, at least one of them, can say with our pet Horace,

"*Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum.*"

By the same post I received the proof of my first paper for the "L. H.," "About Sixty Years Ago." I wish you were near to see it before it goes back, but after-hints may be as valuable for succeeding papers on that era. It is a long while to wait while the grass grows; but it is some comfort to have a hay harvest to look to, and feel assured that a pretty regular succession of crops (most welcome though in a wee field) is forthcoming from the same quarter. At any rate, I'll do my best, and as the singing clubman wittily sayeth, "If I do better, fine me."

Having hauled all the poor culprits over the coals at Newcastle, and got to "merry Carlisle," I pray you do not dishearten it by hanging any Scotchman there; but pardon them all and get off quick to the Lakes—the fells, the scaurs, and potted char—of which send some to Lady Pollock. That will be char-ming till you come back.

I think I told you of the curious apology for the cursing and swearing so common *temp. Carol. II.*, and especially of that monarch's addiction to the evil habit. "His majesty," quoth his panegyrist, "is so good-natured, that though he could punish of himself, he leaves it to God!"

I believe I must have an inherent anti-historical spirit within me, for I entertain a strong liking for this Charles the Second, an admiration for Richard the Third, a sneaking apologism for King John, another admiration for Macbeth, and, *vice versa*, a contempt or detestation for many (so-called) saints and heroes, a list too long to set down on note-paper. So I will spare you, unless you wish it, when I will get some foolscap and do what I can to oblige you.

My little fellow has just interrupted me to go and dig some potatoes for his dinner, and as I understand that better than your square roots, I shall bid you good-bye for the present and hope to hear very soon again. Glorious weather for the Lakes! Heaven be with you!

W. JERDAN.

Bushey Heath, 11th Nov., 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is very long since I heard from you, but I see by the papers that you are on duty, and therefore, I trust, all as I wish you to be. By this post I address three "Leisure Hours" to you, with the sketches of Lord Truro, Canning, and the Ettrick Shepherd; Hallam, Lord Ripon, and Bishop Burgess will appear presently. With the further progress of this little gallery I have arranged to have double proofs, and then if you have time to be troubled, and help, I know what the value would be! I returned last night from a few days' visit to Knebworth, and was happy in finding the ex-Secretary much improved in health. Not for "Men I have Known" (for men must be dead for the "L. H."), but for another purpose, viz., a drawing of the literary men in the present Cabinet, I want to affix some of his early productions to Lord Palmerston; but Sir Edward could only mention the "New Whig Guide" and "John Bull," on report, and his belief that his lordship was guilty of much poetry when at the university and on his advent to politics. Perhaps you can instruct me more from your contemporary intimacy.

I am much affected by the death of Lady De Tabley. It was not three months ago that she expressed a desire to meet me once more at Tabley House, and I was invited to go, but could not. She was one of the loveliest and most fascinating creatures I ever saw, and my regrets are deepened by the simple accident of having failed in this *tryst*, which can never more be offered in this world. Lord Westmoreland also, who was so kind to me in Paris in 1814, and ever since in friendly intercourse

—But, avoid me, vain sorrows. So near, so near—I have adopted the motto, “Is it worth while?” Certainly not to grieve immoderately. Certainly not to be annoyed by little disappointments. Certainly not to repine too much at sufferings, though hard to be borne. And certainly to be thankful for even the least good that may happen, and to love and cherish all the feelings of our better nature, and the friends left to cheer old age.

In later letters appear frequent references to the *res angusta domi*. On this matter a characteristic extract from a letter to a lady, dated 23rd December, 1863, may throw some light:—

“ * * * It is a well-known fact that I am not a millionaire. Yet, though set down for it, I never was a careless man. I was naturally and simply regardless of money, as I am still, and shall be till cemetery time. And let me tell you, critically, there is a marked distinction between the two characters; though, alas, there is little difference in the consequences. “The simple man is the beggar’s brother,” and he may toil and earn abundance with untiring exertion, but the Greeks will have him empty. The sieves of the Danaides, or at any rate one of them, was bequeathed to him as a legacy. I trust you will never learn what “running out” means.

An amusing letter of playful banter to his friend Mr. Joseph Durham, the sculptor, is of earlier date. He had spent the afternoon in the studio of Mr. Durham, who next morning received this mysterious epistle:—

Blenheim Villa, Blackheath, 7th Nov., '51.

MY DEAR DURHAM,—I am sure you know that I should much dislike to give the slightest offence to your *amour propre*, and with your model of the “Fate of Genius” in my mind’s eye, it is not likely I should do so; but I have witnessed so original and extraordinary a work by a young sculptor, that I cannot help communicating the particulars to you. It is possible that you might improve upon the idea; upon that, however, I shall offer no opinion. The facts are these.

Having prepared the materials, the moulding proceeded successfully, till he observed that the usual tools would not enable him to execute his object, and then his genius displayed itself. He not only invented a tool most suitable for his purpose, but absolutely manufactured it himself, and the artistic manner in which by this means he surmounted every difficulty can hardly be described, and ought to be seen to be duly appreciated.

In a short time the manipulation was complete, and by slicing off parts here and there, and carving other parts with a skilful hand, the production, though so rapidly done, was really admirable. I have seen nothing like it accomplished in such a way, or indeed in any way.

So ingenious and so satisfactory a performance it is rarely one’s lot to meet with; and if you have any curiosity to be better acquainted with the process, I shall endeavour to arrange for your being present, as I can assure you there need be no professional jealousy about the matter. Still it would not do to be made unreservedly public. I hope you will not think me too full of this novelty, but you know my enthusiasm in the achievements of true art, and will allow for it in this instance, when I say that altogether the design united in the most marvellous degree strength and delicacy, that the flesh was handled and touched into such perfection, that the Venus de Medicis could not compare with it, and that in short there was nothing left to desire. I do not believe that any sculptor of any age or nation ever conceived and executed such a specimen.

I will not broach any other topic, but am, my dear Durham, Ever yours, W. JERDAN.

The letter completely puzzled Mr. Durham, who had to ask for explanation, and then found that the sculptor’s artistic triumph was his own preparation of a beefsteak! A German stove in the studio being too small to admit an ordinary cooking implement, an *impromptu* wire gridiron provided the repast for the artist and his visitor!

In the following two letters, the first to a little grand-daughter, the second to his daughter, Mrs. Irwin, his warm domestic affections appear:—

Bushey Heath, Herts,

22nd August, 1857.

MY DEAR MAYMÉ,—I was very glad to hear from your papa last Monday, and I stayed all day on purpose to hear how com-

fortable you all were in your pretty country lodging—and that mamma was in better health and spirits, and the boys soapy (so (h) appy), though neither bows and arrows, nor fishing tackle, but only cricket; and you and Agnese going to take music lessons—and, in short, barring thunderstorms, everything nice and pleasant. I have enjoyed all the fine weather since, the more when I thought of you; and only this morning fancied to write in consequence of having some new jam for breakfast, which I dare say you can readily manage to make. The receipt is this—First, gather blackberries (of which there should be plenty about you).

Secondly, pick off the stalks, etc.

Thirdly, boil them (the berries, not the stalks) in a pot or kettle with sugar; or without, for you may sweeten it in a cup before using, and it is just as good.

Now if you will make a gallipot of this, and invite me to come and see you before you come home, there is no saying but “love might find out the way!” as the song says, and which you may learn to sing with Miss Newnham.

You must not think me an idle foolish old granny, for writing all this “nonstence” to you; and if you and the boys will write to me in return, I shall be soapy myself. I am impatient to see you all ruddy and stout, and your mother beginning to turn a fattish old lady—not too fat either—but the picture of a strong-minded woman, laughing at care, and, as usual, petting

(My dear children) Your affectionate grand-pa,

W. JERDAN.

7th February.

MY VERY DEAR AGNES,—I was prepared for your sad letter, but it makes me unspeakably miserable. The vision of the wasted life and the suffering form cannot be driven from my mind for any period of time. I try to write, and it may beguile a few minutes; I sink into my chair, and ponder; I cannot be long after. It is a mercy there are no children there.

I fancy I am something better, I was out ten minutes in the sunshine on Saturday, and thought I could walk ever so far. But I am best in my bedroom, where, thank Heaven! we can, as yet, keep a fire—for without warmth I am perished. But enough of self—I will go out whenever the weather admits.

How grieved and anxious I am about you! Remember how much depends, and take all the care you can of yourself. And poor (sister) Pussy—what trials she has of woes, yet she is safe herself, and will I trust live to enjoyment, when time has softened the regret for those who have gone before. The inversion of the order of nature is the worst to bear. Why do I linger on, and where are those who should have laid my head in the grave!

I am unable to write more. May heaven strengthen and bless you. My poor love to all.

Your affectionate father,

W. JERDAN.

These letters may not appear very “characteristic” to those who knew Mr. Jerdan in his early years, when he was the life of many a social circle. But we prefer giving letters which pertain to the later period of his life, when he had relations with this magazine. To the same period belongs the following fragment:—

FAILINGS ARE COMFORTS AT 80.

I have got very deaf. What a blessing! There is such a lot of silly talk I cannot hear—such scandals, etc.

My eyes are failing. How fortunate I do not see a tythe of the folly and wickedness that is going on around me! I am blind to faults which would provoke me to censure.

I have lost my teeth, and my voice is not very audible. Well, I find it is of no use babbling to folks who won’t listen, so I save my breath for better purposes. I don’t show my teeth where I can’t bite. I venture on no tough meal.

My taste is not so discriminating as of yore, and the good is that I am more easily satisfied, don’t keep finding fault, am contented, and thankful. A nice palate is a plague I have got rid.

My joints are rather stiff. Well, if they were ever so supple, I do not want to go to see sights, hear concerts, make speeches, carouse at feasts.

I am not so strong as I was; but for what do I need to be stout. I am not going to wrestle or fight with anybody. My morals are greatly improved.

My brain is not so clear as in my younger days, and all the better, for I am neither so hot-headed, nor so opinionated. I forget a thousand injuries.

Until within a few days of his death, Mr. Jerdan was able to continue his literary work, which to the last was to him a solace and delight, as well as a necessity. Very grateful he was for the help which lightened his cares, whether from neighbours at hand, or friends at a distance, three of whom, Mr. Francis Bennoch, of Blackheath, Mr. Durham, and Mr. Noakes, of Bushey Heath, joined in the last offices at his grave. The latest letter which he wrote is expressive of this feeling. On the evening before his last day, he asked for paper, and wrote a note to send along with a couple of guineas to the child of Mr. Burton, his medical attendant. No remuneration for visiting an aged man of letters in straitened means would have entered into the mind of any medical man, but the mode of expressing grateful sense of attention was characteristic.

July 9th.

DEAR LILIAN,—A wee bird bids me send you a gold penny to buy a pretty dress for the Heath Road on sunny summer days.

Yours affectionately,

W. Jerdan.

Mr. Jerdan's long absorption in town life and in literary work never lessened his fresh love of nature and of country life. In his cottage at Bushey Heath he enjoyed his garden and trees, and rustic surroundings, as much as the Corycian old man in Virgil's "Georgics." In all objects of natural history he took lively interest, and many papers on such topics have enlivened our pages. He lies buried in the rural churchyard of Bushey, where we hope his friends may set up some memorial-stone to mark his resting-place.

AN INDIAN'S SECRET.

A LEGEND OF THE LEAD-MINING DISTRICTS OF IOWA.

DURING the time that the Indians occupied the neutral ground of Iowa (1842-6), a settler of French extraction, living near Dubuque, was the means of saving the life of a chieftain of the Winnebago tribe. The warrior had met with an accident which disabled him, when he was discovered by one Letrange, who dressed his wounds and carried him to his own home, carefully tending him until he was enabled to rejoin his tribe. But for this timely assistance the Winnebago must have died, suffering and alone, and the kindness of his preserver was never forgotten. From that time Wahwakonda made frequent visits to Letrange, carrying him presents of furs and deerskins.

By-and-bye, Letrange was leaving the vicinity of Dubuque, to settle with his family lower down the river, in the adjoining county. When he informed his Indian friend that he was going so far from the neutral ground, Wahwakonda manifested great grief, and assured Letrange that no distance should separate him from his "beloved white friend." Then he unfastened his belt of wampum, and presented it to Letrange as a sacred gift, telling him that the Great Spirit would smile on his corn-fields, and fill his forests with red-deer and his rivers with fish, because he had saved the life of Wahwakonda.

Not many months after this, and only a few years after the establishment of the Indians in the neutral ground—so rapid had been the increase of popula-

tion since the working of the lead mines—the Ioway territory, including the neutral ground, was admitted to the Union as the State of Iowa, and a new treaty was entered into for the further removal of the Indians (1846-7).

Letrange now gave up all hope of ever seeing his faithful Winnebago again—for this time the tribes were to be despatched to then unsettled districts west of Minnesota. One day, however, being on the banks of the river, he was surprised at the sight of an Indian in a canoe coming down the stream, and was no less pleased to recognise Wahwakonda. As the chief approached Letrange read in the dejected aspect and the bowed head that deep and undying sorrow had taken possession of his friend. Not a smile returned his cordial greeting. In silence the Winnebago gave his hand, and in silence he followed Letrange to his house. Gloomy and desponding was his whole figure; an angry and vindictive expression had settled upon his features; sullenly he seated himself by the fireside, and no efforts of Letrange could entice him into conversation. For

"in even savage bosoms
There are longings, strivings, yearnings."

When the hour of rest arrived, and, the Indian guest showing no inclination to retire, Letrange's wife and sons betook themselves to bed, then Wahwakonda aroused himself, and became more talkative. He told Letrange sadly that he had come to bid him farewell for ever; that his people were again driven from their hunting-grounds on the banks of the mighty river; that they were going far off to the land of the north wind, where their papooses would perish by the spear of the frost king. He gave utterance to many bitter and vindictive feelings against the white "usurpers of their hunting-grounds," who were scattering their wigwams among the savage tribes of the wild north-west. "White man thinks there are treasures beneath our wigwams," he said, while a fierce and malignant expression overspread his features. "He will dig up our hunting-grounds to find the leaden hail to smite down our warriors and our red-deer; he will drive us to the fierce tribes of the north and the west, who make war upon us; and our wigwams are no more spread upon the banks of the Great River."

In vain were Letrange's efforts to cheer his Indian friend, or to point out the justice of a mutual treaty. Wahwakonda refused to be comforted. Then Letrange tried to persuade him to remain with him, and cultivate the ground as the white men did, and to learn other useful arts, by which he would become rich, promising to be his faithful guide and protector. But no, Wahwakonda would not forsake his people and his squaw; he must go with them to the land of the setting sun, and there would they bury him. Therefore his friend could only encourage him with hopes of well-stocked hunting-grounds, where as yet white men were few, and where abundance of furs awaited him, and bright flowing waters full of fish.

When at length the Winnebago took his final leave, his friend offered to accompany him a part of the way towards the river. They had scarcely got beyond reach of sound from the cottage, when Letrange was staggered at a most singular proposal made to him by the Indian. He was going to prove his friendship, he said, by confiding to his white brother a secret—a very wonderful secret; but which white

friend must promise by the Great Spirit never to divulge to living being; that he must come with him in his canoe, that he must ask no question whatever, but suffer himself to be blindfolded before starting, and then trust himself entirely to his guidance, to be conducted wherever Wahwakonda might lead him.

Hitherto Letrange had felt confidence in the Winnebago's protestations of friendship, but to-day's exhibition of his angry and vindictive temper, combined with the singular conditions of the proposition, and his well-founded experience of Indian treachery, caused him to hesitate.

On seeing this, Wahwakonda towered with rage and injured pride. "White friend believes not that Wahwakonda loves him! White friend believes not in the Great Spirit who has put it into the heart of the Winnebago warrior to tell to a white man the wonderful secret."

Upon such an appeal to his faith and friendship, seeing also that his safety lay rather in yielding than in opposition, Letrange could do no other than consent. But when must they go?

"Now—this night. While the white squaw and the papooses are peacefully sleeping, they must set out, softly and secretly," the Indian declared.

The young moon had set when Jean Letrange, with his strange and sullen guide, stole forth. It was one of those gusty autumn nights when scudding clouds sweep across the heavens, and blot the stars out fitfully, to unveil them again only for a moment or two. No sound but the wind could be heard as it roared through the wild woods, stripping the leaves ruthlessly from the trees. The Indian led the way down to his canoe, but before stepping into it he bound a thick scarf closely over his companion's eyes.

When both were seated, the canoe was turned about suddenly and repeatedly for several minutes, so that Letrange found it impossible to decide whether their course lay up or down the river. For a time they dashed onwards, skimming the water with the swift and noiselessness of a bird; occasionally veering round, suddenly, or in long sweeps; but whether those sweeps were because the canoe was threading one of the winding branches of the river, or to disguise its direction upon the broad Mississippi itself, on which side, or at what point, after several hours of this deceptive rowing they at length landed, and whether they had gone half a mile or fifty half miles, baffled Letrange's utmost intelligence to conjecture. In solemn silence they had come, and when on landing Letrange essayed to speak, Wahwakonda's only response was to enjoin a solemn silence still.

Cautiously and stealthily the Indian led him. Up the bank, amidst tangled underbrush and crackling stems, starting wild birds and animals from their couch, across open spaces or over rugged and precipitous ground, Jean Letrange, like a victim in the clutch of an ogre, was dragged. To effect his way thus blindfolded was extremely difficult and tedious; the compulsory silence not rendering his task at all the less irksome. When he stumbled the Indian jerked his wrist impatiently, and uttered a low "His-s-t!" which was not encouraging. Neither was an idea which soon came into his head from the various ups and downs and turnings they were taking, that Wahwakonda was rendering the route a great deal longer than necessary in order to defeat every possible clue to discovery. Whatever might be the object of this mysterious expedition, Letrange persuaded himself that his promise not to divulge

it would have been sufficient, without blindness and dumbness and unnecessary toil; and several times he felt inclined to relinquish the honour of the Indian's confidence, or to inquire how much longer he was thus to be dragged along like a culprit to his doom. But each attempt to utter a word was checked by that low "His-s-st!" in concert with the wind, as if the Indian feared the very wild fowl might betray their course. The autumn gusts swept round Letrange, the clammy leaves were dashed against his cheeks, and the hissing wind sounded like voices of weird spirits hovering overhead with an intent to gain a knowledge of the secret. He shivered; he grew impatient, and began to turn over in his mind how he could best escape ere it might be too late; for the moody silence of his sullen guide looked almost like treachery. Suddenly, the Indian let go his wrist and advanced a step or two without him, and Letrange, about to tear off the covering from his eyes, shouted aloud, "Wahwakonda!"

"His-s-t," hissed the Indian, clutching his arm again. And the wind took up the sound, and whistled it in his ears, while the name "Wahwakonda!" came echoing and re-echoing back to him as if those weird spirits again were mockingly passing it along. "Wahwakonda!" "Wakonda!" "Konda!" "Da!"

From this echo, the blinded man drew a practical conclusion, nevertheless. "The bluffs must be high both sides the river hereabouts," his practised ear enabled him to decide.

The Indian now seemed to be overcoming some obstacle; and he again loosed his hold. Presently his companion was made to crawl hands and knees through a narrow and difficult passage, which admonished him by frequent and unceremonious contact from above, to keep his head at the lowest possible level.

Again the man thought seriously of declining to be the sharer of this most singular secret; but now he was more completely than ever in the power of a savage, whose wrath once aroused, would be certain death to him; for Letrange, unarmed, was no match for the tall and subtle Indian. Wahwakonda was bidding him to follow, and fear alone impelled him onward. At length he was told to stand upright, the bandage was removed from his eyes, but he found himself in total darkness. He rubbed his eyes, and peered into the depths. Not a star, not a glimmer of light or of sky could he discern. It was a darkness to be felt. Not a sound could he hear; not a breath of air disturbed the awful stillness. He reached forth his arms, and groped around; not an object met his touch. Silence and darkness enveloped him as with some unearthly mantle. His guide—where was he? "Wahwakonda!" rang through the gloom. No voice responded, but the hollow darkness resounded with the cry, and reverberated like a peal of thunder. Letrange now knew that he was in a cavern! He knew, too, that the Indians made use of caves for the burial of their dead; and—oh! horrible thought—had the savage, to revenge himself for some unwitting offence, brought him there to perish in a living tomb! "Wahwakonda! my friend!" the horror-stricken man implored, and ere yet had the awful reverberation died away, lo! a flash! Letrange started round, but only to behold the stern features of the Winnebago bent intently over a kindling match. His faithful Wahwakonda, then,

was but procuring a light, and the next moment a torch blazed forth.

Immediately did Letrange recover his self-possession, but not so quickly his vision, which was now bewildered by a brilliancy the more dazzling in contrast to the previous darkness. A spacious vault of glittering silver was the cave in which he had believed himself entombed. Above his head and around on every side the torch-light was reflected in flashing crystals. Bright and smooth, packed close like myriads of little mirrors, they were disposed upon the walls.

"Behold the treasure that lies beneath our wigwams!" exclaimed the Indian, his sternness for the moment giving way to an expression of pleasure and exultation at the astonishment of his friend. "Only Wahwakonda knows of this beautiful silver cave; but the Winnebago warrior will never tell to cruel white man the riches of our hunting-grounds."

No. Lead in the mind of Wahwakonda was the cause of all the sorrows of his people: the destroyer of their homes, their hunting-grounds, and their lives; and not by his means should the white man be assisted to discover the hated metal. From the days of his youth had he seen a continuous stream of white settlers pouring down wherever a sign of lead appeared. For lead his people had been expatriated; their removal from Wisconsin to the neutral ground having been attended with feelings of regret which no payments could compensate; and now, doomed to this terrible banishment, regret was deepened into an enmity which would be eradicated only with their own extinction. "The Winnebago warrior will never tell to white foe where is hidden the cave of silver; the beautiful Wahtipe" (grotto of brightness).

Thus in a measure repaid for the toils of his midnight journey, Letrange examined the cave at his ease. From what knowledge of metals he had gained in the mining districts around Dubuque, he believed the metal to be pure galena, which, as the reader may be aware, has crystals in the form of cubes, presenting a smooth, bright surface, exceedingly beautiful, and resembling polished silver. The Indian would not permit him to carry away the smallest fragment by which he could have satisfied himself as to its true nature, neither could any further information be elicited.

"Never shall white man turn into gold the beautiful cave of silver," was the Indian's unchanging declaration.

When Letrange had fully surveyed this subterranean palace, he was again blindfolded, re-conducted through the long, low passage, and led by circuitous paths to the canoe. After the same tedious voyage back he was at length safely landed, close to his home.

Though, for a time, the man maintained profound secrecy regarding the object of that nocturnal expedition, it was not, it must be confessed, so much in point of honour as with a view to gain. The cave, once discovered, must prove of enormous wealth to the possessor of the land, and the land, by hook or by crook, Letrange resolved to make his own. Many a solitary trip upon the Mississippi, and many a ramble over such of the bluffs as seemed at all to coincide with what his imagination had depicted, did the old man take, but in vain! Had the secret not been at last divulged, the story of it could never have been written. When too old to pursue his search, Letrange confided the circumstances and his pet project to his sons, who in their turn spent many months of

persevering labour in a like fruitless search. That cave remains a buried mystery.

Yet the common events of everyday life may at any time disclose it. The levelling for a road, the digging a foundation for a building, the agriculturist, or the exploring naturalist, may in a moment come upon it. On the other hand, a fast rising city may have already cut off its discovery for ages. Perhaps the villa of the western millionaire already covers it. Perhaps the hard-working farmer may be toiling over his unsuspected wealth, or the striving emigrant may go forth in his pursuit of money over the very spot where a mine of dollars lies buried. To the writer's knowledge, this cave, in the vicinity of Sabula, Iowa, is still undiscovered, though indications of lead exist for many miles along that portion of the Upper Mississippi.

"He telleth the number of the stars."

"He healeth the broken in heart."

Ps. cxvii. 3, 4.

WORLDS upon worlds unnumbered roll
In the blue vault. Think, oh my soul,
That He who bade those fires to blaze
Counts thee His glory: all thy ways
Are dear to Him whose watchful eye
Counts every star and fills the sky.
Yes, greater than his sovereign power
Is this—that creatures of an hour,
Born of the dust, to dust returning,
Shall live when not a star is burning.
Of all the suns that dazzle thee,
The Maker and the Light is He,—
Yet He was born in Galilee.
He tells their number, guides their course,
Measures their weight, restrains their force,
Sits on their circle, feeds their flame,
To-morrow, yesterday, the same.
He plants the heavens, yet made the earth:
The morning stars sung at its birth,
And even Heaven danced for mirth.
To God most precious; here He chose
His battle-field, to crush our foes.
Yet not in sacred pomp He came,
Winged with the wind, and robed in flame;
But laying all His glory by,
And hiding all His majesty,
He stooped to live, and stooped to die!
Wonder of wonders! that our King
Who counts the heavens a little thing,
Should learn *our* griefs, *our* sorrows bear,
And condescend *our* lot to share,
That He might lighten all its care;
Bind up the broken-hearted, free
The slave, the sinner—and the Saviour be.
This is His glory; when the sun
Has spent his fervent heat and run
His course, and all those thousand eyes
That look on us from midnight skies,
Are shut for ever, then His fame
Is but begun. His holiest name
Is not Jehovah! 'tis a word
That thrills the soul more deeply—Lord!
What is Thy creature man, that Thou
To make him great, should'st bend so low
Beneath the angels! We are only Thine,
Thy name is great—Thy greater love divine.

J. W. S.